

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

<sup>10</sup> WITH WHITEST FLOWERS SHD. D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE

10. 32. - 44. 88448.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1911.

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## RUINS OF

## REUDLAN CASTLE:

OR THE

### KNIGHT OF THE BLOOD RED PLUME.

## WELSH LAND.

\* Tales of the days of old, when superstition  
did fasten witch, stilled on the cap of igno-  
rance.

Continued

He Rhinick had by his beloved Elgera  
 when food arms the war had often  
 in a who, in his last embrace, being attack-  
 ed by a sudden and violent illness, in a few  
 days had only one daughter. To Elri da  
 he devoted her for future happiness.  
 He gave her the most precious health as a  
 precious gift, and she, meekness and charity,  
 as her mother's blessing—her death was as  
 a ray in a deep, celestial glow—her breath  
 he devoted her, of glowing fragrance  
 she dwelt peacefully near her in a  
 golden light of her yellow hair flut-  
 ering on her fine curved shoulder—  
 her hair's rays—she was a ruby  
 of a golden child—and it was her  
 hair's rays that shining forth of her white gar-  
 mented.

And as I can be more or less useful in prison, I have tried, for, as they say, a lioness is never satisfied, unless she has two or three cubs every year. So was the subject of universal admiration— all tongues were lolling in praise, and many more came to look her and her cubs, though I am usually sensible, no more, as they claim, no interest in her heart; the warm throb of love had been suppressed by the glowing heat; and joy had been all—rest—rest to the lava—the preserved in freedom will the lover cannot retain the loss of his mother imparted a melancholy, and she, rendered her far more lovely. I thought indulged in grief and the cattle were so near of our kind. On the brow of the rock, that overlooms the angry Lloyd's rock for bonnets, the porcelains and diamonds of Rindell, every evening came to view the beauty of their young masters. I had to be excavations in the rock, but had to plan live notes of her melodious larks. In the rock she sang, and the spits of the summer river were charmed, as they lay in their cozy bed, with the soft pleasing and the billows coaxed to roll in admiration, and Phry-drew back his head, in mute attention to the rapturous lay.

Once, when the return of twilight was announced in the heavens, by the rich crimson streaks and blushing gold that crept on the vast space of sky, and Erida accompanied by her flock the trembling harp, near the wilds of the North, mounted on a barbed steed, in his armour clad, and with a Boar-red Plumage on his crest,

waving on his brow, approached the spot from  
whence the sound proceeded.

Edith, carrying the woman of three-foot, unclad hair, found, and, with a new ecstasy, welcomed the knight, who, at this, tried to climb on her privacy. There was something in his cultured appearance that struck her with awe, and the unknown, descending from his bed, recaptured a seat beside her. Again he struck upon the trembling chords, with fearful hand. The stranger sighed as he gazed up on her; and, when her eyes met his, she with a new life, blushing, to the ground. The shade of night approached, and misty fogs obscured the starry sky.

"Sit Knaut," she cried, with courteous smile, while an unusual piliation thrilled through her heart, of adroitness mingled with fear: "Round don't to pish walls are ready to receive you; and no war or pishers her war-like towers, without part king and reckoning the munition of Ripsch the Hody."

"Fair lady!" replied the unknown, "the hospitality of the gallant chieftain so famed, is not unknown to me; but I have earned on my journey, not taste the bounty which all admire."

"Lady, adieu! it must not be; I live in hope that we shall meet again."

Saying this, he pressed her hand to his lips, and mounting his saddle, flew with the rapidity of the wind, along the shadowed path that stood before her. His horse, so fleet, seemed to be walking the ground; and in an instant he was lost from her sight.

Prilla was a tough dog; there was a wildness in the jet black eye of the unknown that, when I flinched at, roused her—beautiful colour in her neck; but not of that nature to which she was accustomed. His looks were black and sleek—his fire was noble and commanding; his voice, though hoarse, was pleasing. I discovered a hollow sound that was no pleasing. In her, his whole appearance, while it harmed her to me, also, filled her with a kind of terror; and she returned to the palace of Ruidán, charmed, and at the same time awed, with the majestic appearance of the walkie-walkie.

What majestic in his countenance!" exclaimed she in hers! "What nobleness in his demeanor! And, ah! what a melancholy countenance upon that dim the sparkling eyes of his jet black eye, and clouds those sumptuous features, otherwise beaming with cheerfulness! Surely such dejection is not natural in him! No; some hidden secret preys upon his heart; perhaps love, which, as I have heard, he is giving, fed up in the rostrate hue of health—gives languor to the eye—pales as in the cheek—and despoils the heart of its inebriation—thus reduces firmness to tepidity—and pains the noble mind with weaknesses that are engendered by timidity."

Er lla sigord.—Sir Rhywrick met her as she was seeking her chamber; the good old man bore the resemblance of his grief upon his fretted cheek but he endeavoured to be cheerful.

in<sup>2</sup>, with an assumed smile, he con'ucted her to  
the upper hall.

Ernie vainly attempted to reply, but a variety of thought occupied her brain. He was clapping a sign of the family. Had now charmed a hearer, who, at the board, when the gay gambler recanted the tables, raised high his two-fisted to the subject; in commendation of deed-to other days, and in triumph, and of glory or war.

Erilia, whose heart was affected by another soft cell, was so moved with the sweet sound of the trembling lip, and part of her of that emotion which the song of passion kindles in the breast of its auditors, that she then there alone, the air being plaintive as the bird's tenderly, Erilia's soul went in the strain, and owned the power of music, when in a clench with her feelings. Affect on truly inspiring a kiss upon the bearded cheek of Sir Phynwick, attended by her page, she bade adieu to the knight, and, retreating to her room, attempted to quell those wild and troubled thoughts to rest, that agitated and oppressed her; but the Blood-Plum'd Knight, in her absence, stood before her his radiant form—a picture melancholy as it was, the picture of himself and a grief-stricken, when he awoke, and found the general usage vain, and, aside from her healing distress.

With the first dawn of morning, Erida arose, and flew to the monastery of Rhuddlan, to offer up her daily prayer :

The holy father confessed and gave her absolution, on a declaration of her errors; and again she sought the much-loved spot, where she had met the unknown.

She looked towards the palace and occupied the preceding evening but he no longer occupied it; and, seeing herself upon her back, she played an air, soft, and melodious as the strains of Phœbus; but, disatisfied with her execution, he returned the instrument aside; her voice, she conceived, wanted its usual sweetness—their was out of tune; and her fingers, lingering upon the strings, danced the willow note.

Brilda sighed, and sighed so deep, that echo, from the excavated rocks, returned them to her. — At length, the tear glistened in her eye.

"Why, why am I thus concerned for a wandering unknown, whom chance, perhaps, conducted to this spot, for a first, and only time? Who, ere now, is leagues distant from my sights, and who now entertains one thought of me? Alas, hope, thou delusive image, from my bosom—I shall never behold thee more—my heart must harbour no such wish."

Saying this, with the firmness of a soldier, she turned her step towards the castle. Sir Rhyswyk was preparing for the chase; the hounds and the hawks were at hand—all was so serene and confusion—and Erida consented to make one of the sport if strong. Bucking on her breast the mantle of green, and stringing a cross-bow she slung the bow and arrow quiver, she mounted on a cream-backed palfrey, she joined

The adjacent forest echoed back the hunters' loud hollers, and the affrighted deer pricked up his ears to the well-known blast.—The





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